

"100 Girls!

Count 'em!" incites the back
of an old tin sign, re-
cycled, as the roller

coaster ratchets up beyond
its flyblown rust
and other cancer-

ous funk, to leave
a festering

humidity below, where up-
turned faces are
and once were

like the 100 count'em girls, God bless
us, hotly, everyone.